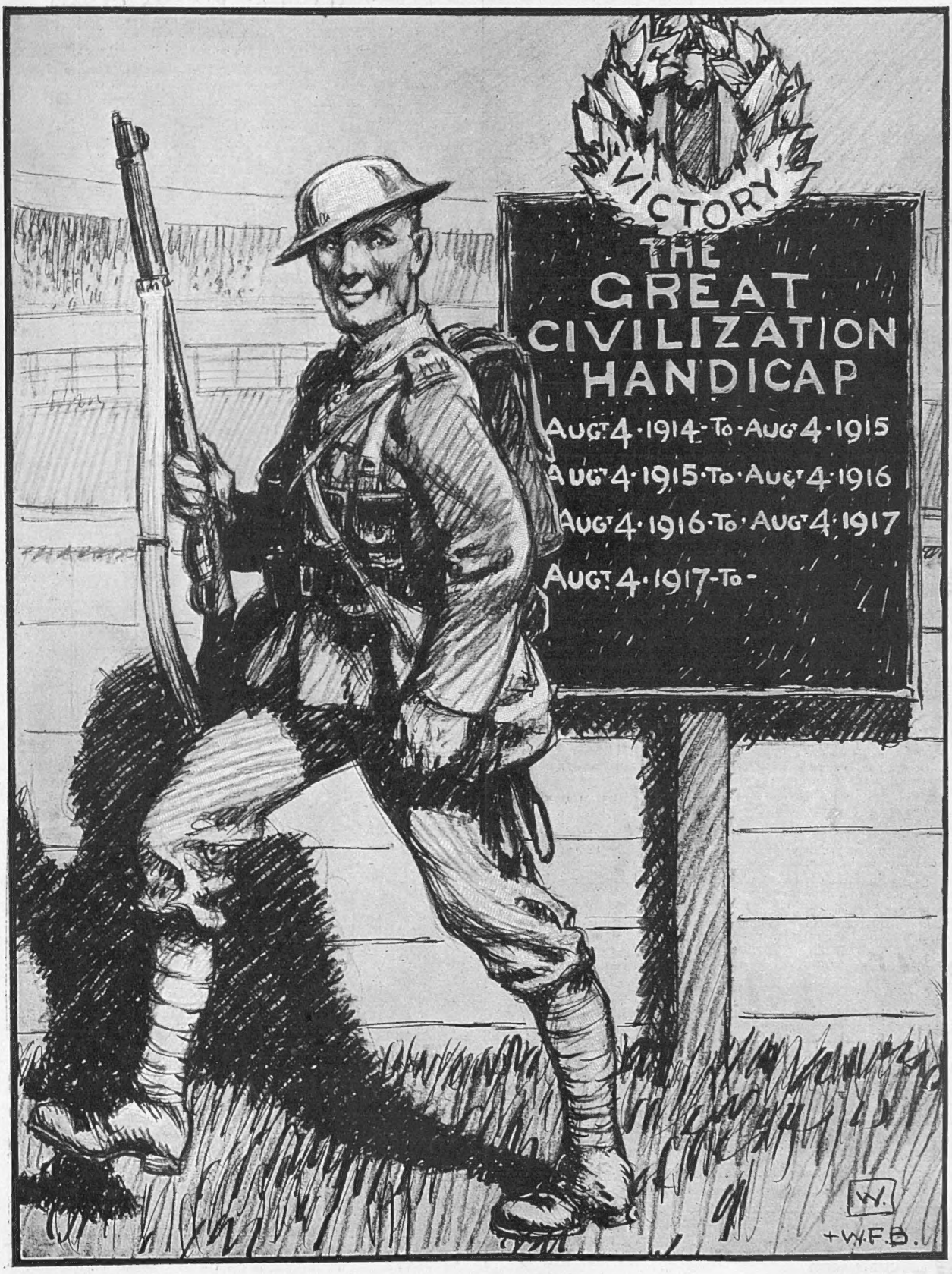
The Bystander, August I, 1917.—No. 713. Vol. LV.

The BYSTANDER



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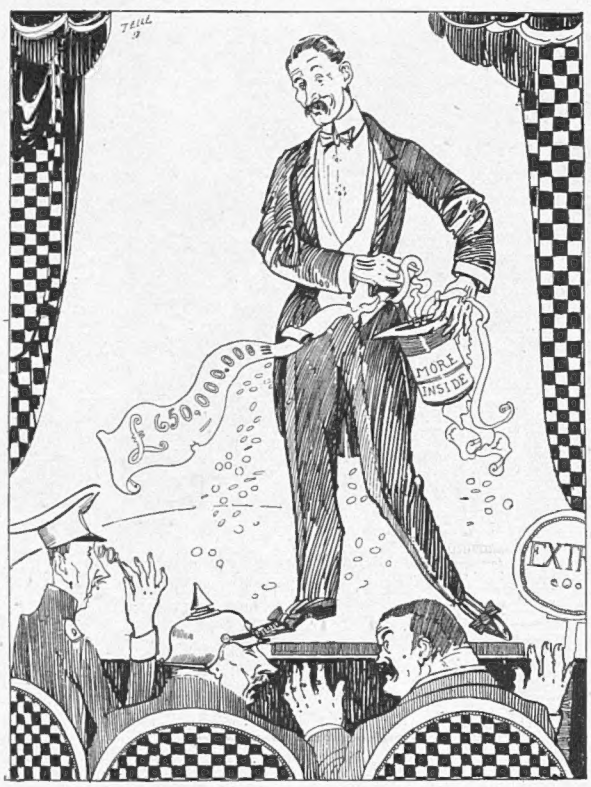
BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

Rhondda the Resolute

ALTHOUGH Lord Rhondda had the great advantage of seeing which way certain failure lay, both from the Batocki example in Germany and from his predecessor's ill-success here, the tackling of the food problem was, nevertheless, a very awkward business; but Lord Rhondda has shown a fine courage in iconoclastically sweeping aside economic theories and traditions, and consigning the policies of peace-time to the scrap-heap. As he says, "abnormal times demand abnormal methods;" and when you have decided that abnormal methods must be introduced, it is just as well to consider those methods carefully before you impose them upon the country.

Exit the Ticket System

THAT is just what Lord Rhondda has done. He has gone to the root-causes of the trouble, and his scheme, depending as it does on the co-operation of the local authorities and the public themselves, has, at any rate, the best possible chance of success. It not only eliminates the profiteer—a thing in itself almost incredible—but it should also remove entirely the public's too-well-founded suspicion that high prices are due quite as much to food speculators as to war scarcity. But the chief thanks which the country owes to Lord Rhondda is for his refusal to have anything whatever to do with individual rationing as exemplified in the ticket system. The ticket system in this country would have spelt starvation for the poor, and starvation for the poor has a nasty way of developing with extreme rapidity into lamp-posts for the rich.



OH! LAW!

A little surprise for Wilhelm, Son, and Michaelis

Three Speeches: The Chancellor's—

IF one thing is more certain than another it is that the war won't be won by speeches. Yet there were three week-end speeches on war subjects last week-end which deserve attention. The first was Dr. Michaelis's harangue to the representatives of the German Press. All agog to hear how the war was to be won and a "German peace" obtained the Press representatives must have experienced rather an empty feeling as they departed home, for Dr. Michaelis did little more than entertain them with "revelations" of what he alleged to have taken place at the secret sittings of the French Chamber at the beginning of June. But in drawing the conclusion that the Allies were responsible for the prolongation of the war Dr. Michaelis unfortunately omitted to mention who was responsible for the beginning of it; and he had no suggestions to offer as to any available way in which Germany might yet escape, with her olive-branch in one hand and her loot in the other.

—And the First Lord's

OF Sir Eric Geddes' address to the Cambridge electors the most loudly cheered sentence was that in which he said that to interfere in naval strategy was the last thing he would do. Organisation is Sir Eric's forte—naval strategy he is content to leave to those whose life-study it has been. But the whole speech was just the simple, straightforward, talk which the public is only too glad to get. How different is Sir Eric Geddes' request to be judged not by his speeches but by what he does from the ordinary politician's desire! That is the very last criterion which the average M.P. would wish to be applied to himself; but it is the one which is beginning to count more and more every day, and in the near future will be the sole test applied by the electorate to those who seek their renewed support.

The Rout of the Pacifists

THE third notable speech was delivered by an unknown Canadian corporal in the ruins of the Kingsland Brotherhood Church on Saturday, when an angry and indignant crowd had broken up the meeting of a body which has the impudence to style itself the Workers and Soldiers' Council of London. He said, "I came 5,000 miles to fight for England, and I've been twice wounded. I'm ready to fight again, *but not for people like these.*" Pacifism, to him, was merely a cloak for disloyalty. But the hidden motive power of the Workers and Soldiers' Union is Syndicalism, and its end is revolution; and that its meetings in London, Swansea, and Newcastle should all have been smashed on the same day is a signal proof of the health of the body politic.

(Continued on page 202)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (*concluded*)

The Irish Convention

THE much-talked-of Convention met twice last week in Dublin, elected the best possible President in Sir Horace Plunkett (an Irishman whose public career commands the respect of all), appointed a Committee of Preliminary Procedure, and adjourned, after being individually snapshotted, till next Wednesday. Its deliberations are to be conducted in private, and will, no doubt, last for a considerable time. The probable result of these deliberations has been soundly (if just a shade obviously) put by one of our graver papers, which judicially remarks that if all the parties to the Convention are prepared to give up a good deal of what they want a partial agreement may possibly be reached. This conclusion appears admirable, except that it has, unfortunately, forgotten the existence of the Sinn Feiners, who, as the polls show, are the only party in Ireland, outside Ulster, that counts to-day. And they neither take, nor will take, any heed of the Convention, its deliberations, or its conclusions (if any).

Smart Work in Siam

THESE are delightful days for nations, if not for individuals. Never in the world's history have nations had such an opportunity for buying their experience for nothing—those nations, that is to say, which are outside the immediate war-zone. Statesmanship ought to consist largely in profiting by other nations' mistakes; and just as America has done so in the matter of not fiddling about with conscription, so has Siam with regard to the Germans in her borders. Siam's entry into the war was inconspicuous; but it has closed one more of the few remaining happy hunting-grounds of the German agent. For Siam's Government has already interned, and "intends shortly to deport," every German in her borders. Considering that most of the Germans in India and China had sought sanctuary in Siam, this is a very creditable achievement on Siam's part. But there is a certain uncomfortableness about Siam's intention to "deport" her internees. Whither? Let us hope she will not be allowed to send them here—we have quite as many at large in this country as we want.

MAJOR WERNHER AND COUNTESS ZIA TORBY

After their wedding in the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace. Major Wernher is an officer in the 12th Lancers, and Countess Zia Torby is the elder daughter of the Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch of Russia and the Countess Torby

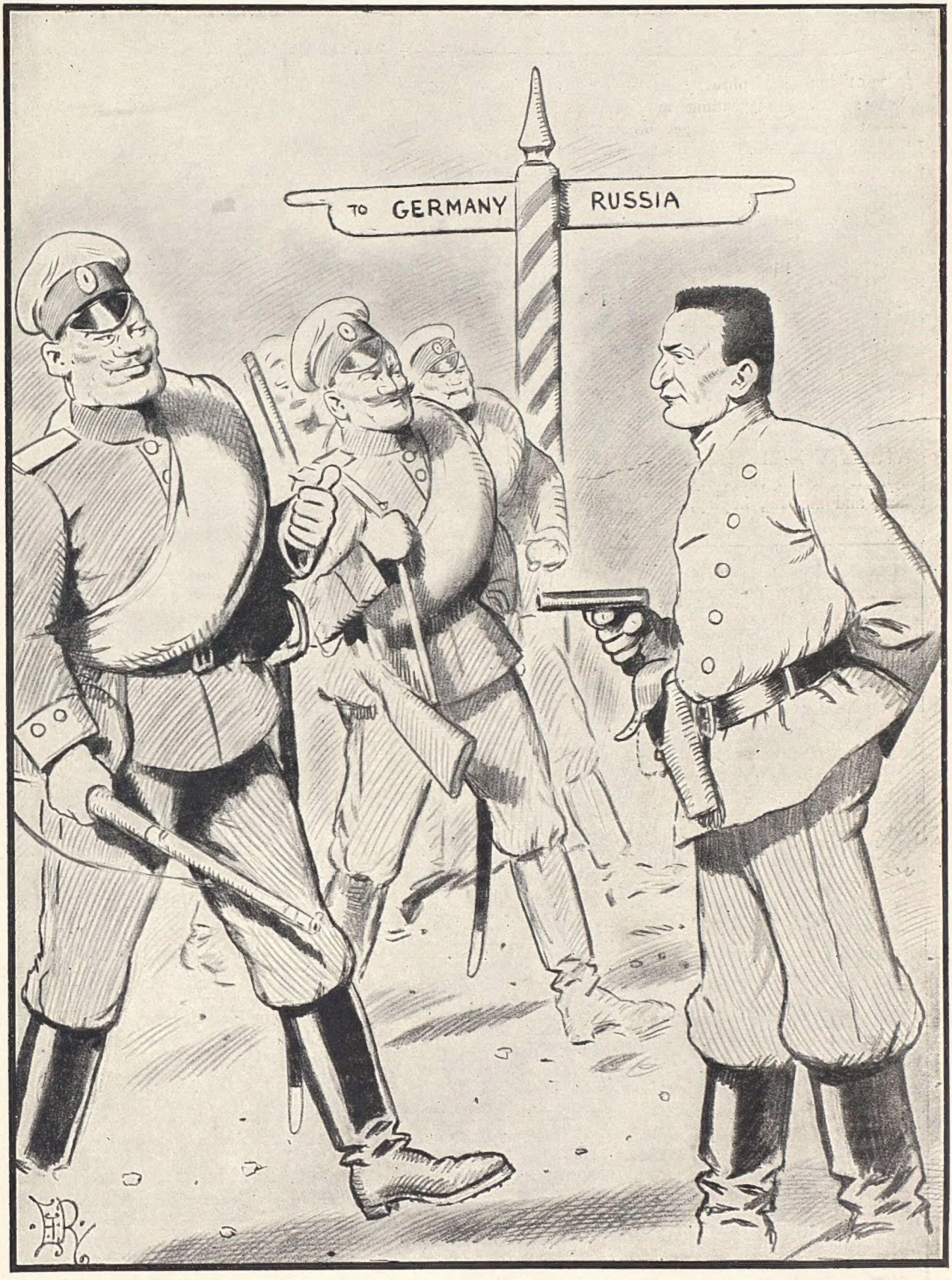
"Scene in the House"—

THE (let us pray) latter days of the Longest Parliament are providing incidents that recall (as the tea-people say) the delicious scenes of thirty years ago, when all the Irish Party, invariably headed by the jovial, but recalcitrant, Joseph Gillis Biggar, used to be "named" one after the other, and removed from the precincts. True, Mr. Ginneli, like Aulus of old, alone upholds the day; but his swan-song, if such it prove, was a thing of pure joy. The ingenuity of his appeal to Mr. Speaker to save him from the dangers threatening him from the bombs of secret service men masquerading as Sinn Feiners was as delightful a specimen of Hibernianismus as he has yet produced.

—And Seen Outside

AND to add to the excitement of Mr. Ginnell's episode came the Pemberton Billing-Archer-Shee rough-and-tumble on the green of Palace Yard. How Mr. Billing, in particular, could ever have so far forgotten himself as to allow this striking encounter to take place with only half a dozen cabmen to look on, and not a single cinematograph operator present, passes comprehension. To see Mr. Billing actually fighting has been a spectacle ardently desired by millions—and, anyway, it would have been a better advertisement than a week's questions in the House. But, Mother of Parliaments, you are setting a bad example to your Dominional children. This hot weather is very trying to the temper, though, isn't it?

Lost Their Direction



KERENSKY: "'Want to get back to Free Russia,' eh, comrades? Well, the only road to *Free* Russia lies the other way for the present. Take a hint from a friend: *this* road leads to Siberia, *or worse!*"

"Get On with the War"

—And which of us *isn't* getting on with it?

You know the phrase; it crops up in Premiers' speeches, in leading articles, and all over the place—"Let us get on with the war!" I have no doubt those who make the remark and those who hear it at first hand understand what it means as well as children understand "Let us go round the mulberry bush" or "Ring-a-ring-o'-roses." To the outside British public of forty millions or so, however, it is mere meaningless gibberish. Among the readers and hearers of speeches and leading articles, who *isn't* "getting on with the war" in some way or another, by compulsion or choice? Of the forty-five millions, five are engaged with the forces by land and sea and an equal number in munition and supply works. Of the rest, there are war-workers and substitutes, male, female, and juvenile. There are the "carriers-on" of businesses, the keepers together of homes and families—all of them playing the part cast for them by "the war," playing it cheerfully, stoically, working the clock round, toiling and moiling, hoping, sighing, waiting. Who are these people, in the name of Heaven, to be told to "get on with the war"? When have they stopped getting on with it, either in the field or the workshop, and helping to pay for it in the office or counting-house—seven millions a day, isn't it?

The best way to deal
With a snake, it is said,
Is to lift up your heel
And to stamp on its *head!*

To read these "get-on-with-the-war" people one would think that the war was a game of bowls in a shady garden, to be played or dropped according to mood or mealtimes at the whim of the individual, instead of a dance of death with the devil as the fiddler, which no human soul *could* stop getting on with if he would. Can the soldier or the sailor cease to "get on" with whatever share in the war he is ordered to take? If he does, he knows the penalty. So also does the munitioneer and the war-worker.

If the speechmakers and leader writers are thinking of themselves, and their objurgations to "get on with the war" are the result of a guilty consciousness that they are not playing *their* part in the giant sacrifice of life and liberty, let them whisper the invocation to themselves, not bawl it from the housetops to others. If the war has to be "got on" with and "more men" or more aeroplanes or more ships are wanted let the speechmakers and the leader-writers slip into khaki or overalls and do a bit of "getting on" in the trenches, shops, or yards. They are, to my certain knowledge, as able-bodied for some form of active labour as are most of the men they have pushed or driven into military, industrial, or "national" service.

By all means let "us" get on with the war—the oratorical and editorial "us"—and let the first step be to cease the habit of writing introspective balderdash. The people of Britain *are* "getting on with the war," according to the orders of their well-paid overlords and taskmasters, those giant intellects and strategists who designed and executed the campaigns in Gallipoli, Mesopotamia, Salonika, and Palestine, and who are "really seriously considering" in the third year of the war the defence of London against hostile aircraft. They want no more invocations to suffering and sacrifice.

Their cup is full.

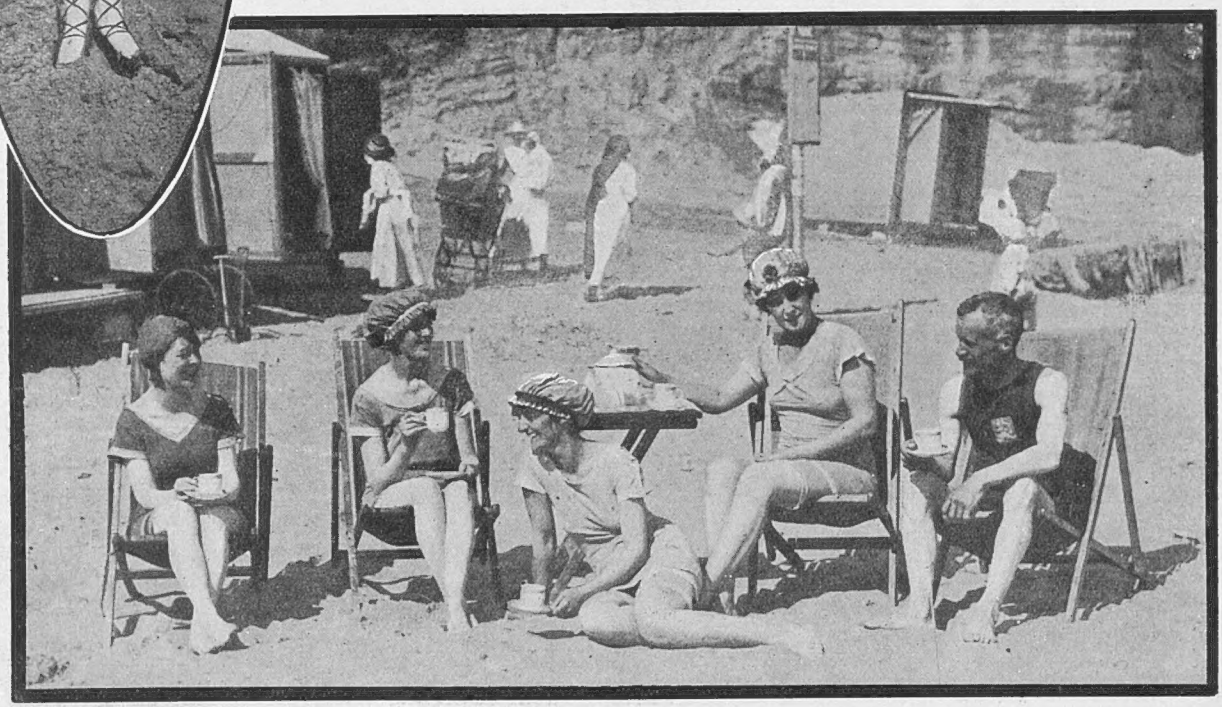
Robbers and Robbed

This interesting photograph was taken during the recent visit of Ferdinand of Bulgaria to the Kaiser. The Bulgarian Sovereign looks fairly well pleased with himself, but the same can hardly be said for the Kaiser, who does not appear any too sure of his shifty ally

Meanwhile the man they have conspired to rob of his future kingdom, the Prince Regent of Serbia, is here seen halting at an encampment while on a tour of inspection of his reorganised army. It looks a sufficiently uninviting country for anyone to wish to steal away from him; but love of one's native land doubtless counteracts mere barrenness of landscape

"Come Unto These Yellow Sands"

TAKING STEPS—To keep cool, somewhere in Cornwall



Bathing-dresses are made for other purposes besides bathing—for example, for taking tea in, as this merry party is doing on the sands at Bournemouth. Inset is a charming picture of Miss Gina Palerme, leading the open-air life on the sea shore on the south coast

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *July* 30, 1917.

DEAR COUSIN—

THREE years or the duration. . . . Well, the three years, that even the pessimists thought giving it a widish margin, are up; and as to the duration—a venturous spirit indeed is he who to-day dares put a period on this appalling, ever-widening world-war.

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FOR three years, as the new Munitions Minister says, our resources in men, in money, in shipping, in material, in vital energy, in mental vigour, in human endurance, have been strained to their utmost extent. But there's not the slightest sign that even for a moment it's safe to slacken the strain—in fact, it's got to be tightened. Our efforts now must border on the superhuman, to fit the times. Which, once more to quote the resilient Winston, are extraordinary. "They are unprecedented. They are the most formidable and terrible times that have ever passed in the recorded history of human society."

"These valiant battle-fighters of ours"

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FIGHTING in Flanders more desperate than ever, and on all our far-flung fronts—Mesopotamia, Egypt, Palestine, Salonica, Africa—those so seldom recorded little struggles that, nevertheless, add to the daily toll of casualties. . . . The sea undermined by invisible enemies, the war in the air growing and developing into heaven only knows what. . . .

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ONCE Imperial Russia torn to bits by Hun-run sedition; Royal Spain well started on the same wild and troublous path; China, the land of immemorial calm, shaken by risings and revolutions; ominous rumblings from phlegmatic Holland; plots and counter-plots among the northern neutrals; the U.S. in the first throes of conscription; Canada immersed in a bitter political battle over it. . . .

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TRULY a maelstrom, a hurly-burly of horrors, a seething pot of storm and disaster—and the end is not yet. Though sometimes, here in England now, one might almost think they'd never even begun. You'd hardly believe, would you, that right in the very worst and thickest of a war of wars there'd actually be serious talk of a general election, with all its upsets and clogging of the war-machine, over the epoch-making problem of five bob a week more or less for workers on the land?

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NOT many signs of war-worry, either, at Christie's last week, where there was a positively overwhelmingly pre-war atmosphere about the sale of the Hope heirlooms. Such things as battle and murder and the sudden death of men and dynasties seemed, I'm told, æons away amid those busy hordes of sleek collectors and Semitic dealers, whose all-absorbing war-work was to buy, or, anyway, covet, the Raphaels and the Lawrences and wonderful Greek statues of such a sale as even peace-time hardly ever knew.

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TALKING of money, the latest about women is that those who are earning it don't know how to spend it—or, rather, pour out their wealth on the wrong things. Face cream, for instance, and powder, and even, so they say, lip-salve, which is applied, it's even darkly hinted, in as well as out of office hours. The question arises, of course—what *are* the wrong things? War Savings Certificates, we know, are among the right ones; but, then, so's looking beautiful, 'specially in war-time, when keeping the soldiermen's spirits up is by no means the least of our war-duties. There's such a lot of ugliness about; take the profiteers alone. . . .

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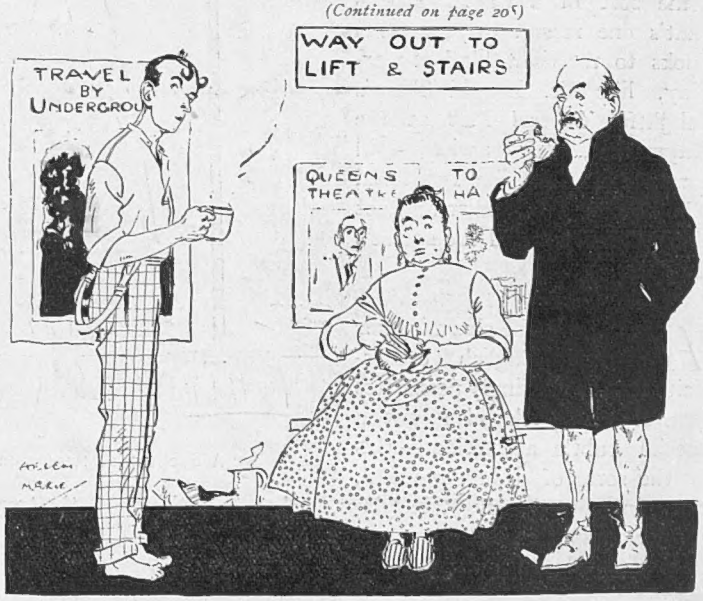
OF course, it *might* be more sensible to buy beef-steaks and clumpy boots; but, after all, what's the good of being young if you can't be foolish?—in moderation, that is. The flighty ones, too prone to *poudre d'amour* and *crème Pomeroy*, should not forget that, as Vi Loraine sings in the new revue at the Alhambra, "Some girl has got to darn his socks."

(Continued on page 205)



"The tubes saw the finest and most variegated array"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

REMINDS me, one of the newest movements is "to make domestic service fashionable." What is wanted, says one of our national economist ladies, is "a very public-spirited duchess who will become a tweeny maid. It can be done." Can it really? Anyway, they'd have drastically to trade-unionise tweenies' hours. Not more than, say, two or three hours a day for not more than two or three days a week; and staff to select their own uniform, pearls and guinea-a-pair silk stockings to be included therein.

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APROPOS of clothes, I don't think London's ever seen a sketchier collection, even in its hottest moments, than the one that turned out that sunny Sunday morning when we got the first air-raid warning, which, by the way, was the finest imitation yet of the real thing. The tubes, I believe, saw the finest and most variegated display. Fathers of families went great-coated above, but rather breezy about the legs, and young women faced the world contentedly, and even coquettishly, in elaborate hats, who'd obviously have done better to have had a bath the night, or even the week, before; but no one was really what you might call all dressed up—except, of course, the Pekes, who are always equal to any emergency. Proved, in fact, how awfully important it is to look nice in bed.

"Lip-salve . . . which is applied in, as well as out of, office hours"

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REALLY quite extraordinary, by the way, how almost disappointed people were here in London that *that* raid turned out, as far as they were concerned, anyway, a dud. Truth is, you know, there's a sort of fascination in feeling you're *in* it in some sort of a way. Perhaps that's one reason why London flocks to the right kind of war-play, like Mr. Harold Terry's delightful *General Post* at the Haymarket, with its wittily-told romance of the tailor-Territorial who became a brigadier and got the V.C. and married the squire's daughter.

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APART from the charming air of real English domesticity that so alluringly permeates *General Post*, it's also got a special subtle attraction — this is the sort of thing, we feel, that in these fairy tale days, when anything happens, might easily happen to anyone. "Family trees are played out," says the heroine. "The man who's top-dog to-day is the man who can *do* things;" and in this war, which, as Ian Hay puts it, is being won by second lieutenants, every sub., I suppose, carries—well, at least a brigadier's crossed swords in his pack, to bring old Napoleon up to date.

"A duchess as tweeny-maid"

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ANYWAY, there are very few, I'm sure, who don't deserve them. Such big unchronicled things they do, and so wonderfully they stick it, whether in heat or cold, mud, flood, or sand. Some of the more distant ones we hear so little about that there's danger of rather forgetting how hard the task of Empire is. "We really believe," writes one of the Rhodesian column that's carrying on "the seemingly unending campaign" in German East Africa, "some of the people at home think we are having one long and glorious picnic. Let them come out and try!

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"IMAGINE marching twenty miles a day, day after day, regardless of blazing tropical sun or torrential rains. Difficulties of transport, never sure of getting any rations. Millions of mosquitoes and every other thing that flies or crawls and makes itself objectionable. Potted at by an enemy you can't see owing to the thick bush. Month after month with no leave, and even if you did get it nowhere to spend it.

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"IF you're wounded it probably means several days' trek in a 'Machila' before you get any proper attention. Yet we manage to keep cheerful, and would be even more so with an encouraging wish from one whom we all love. Although we have never seen you we will never believe you're a 'bespectacled old spinster,' etc. Your weekly letter is received by us with the same joy as a crystal stream trickling through the desert is hailed by a tired and thirsty traveller."

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AH, if they could only have even the very least of the good things I wish them, these valiant battle-fighters of ours, what a lot they'd get! The only trouble'd be, they'd all be Brass-Hats or *something* frightfully important, with unlimited leave or the buckest of home jobs, so who'd there be to carry on in the tropical suns and torrential rains and other horridness of German East? But here's the very best luck to them, anyway, in a long glass suitable to the season, and all our love and heaps of gratitude.

With love, yours ever, BLANCHE

Another Polar Failure

"You're very quiet, Lionel: are you having a rest?"

War Prophets

I WISH the telephone had never been invented. An hour ago I had just settled down comfortably with a cigar in a deck-chair in the garden, watching the lettuces grow, and almost deafened by the noise of the poppy-buds bursting like bombs, prepared to be thoroughly and completely lazy. When—ting, ting, ting, ting, ting!

It was the Editor of THE BYSTANDER—would I do him 800 words on War Profits? "Snappy stuff, you know the sort of thing, by first post to-morrow." Reluctantly I said I would—for the matter of that I'd do him 800 words on Black Barbary Baboons if he wanted them, for cigars I must and will have, and—nowadays especially—they take a lot of paying for. So I set to work. I schemed out a neat little affair, slanging the meatmen and the middlemen and all their iniquities, and the shipowners (nice jovial little reference to Mr. Bonar Law and the charming candour of politicians, here), and the tobacco people, and the bean merchants—in fact, all the crowd whose excess profits provide the money for "getting on with the war." Quite simple—no need to bother about facts or figures. Give it 'em hot—that's what the public likes. And then a bit about Rhondda and Kennedy Jo——.

When—ting, ting, ting, ting, ting again!

And he was ringing me up to tell me to "be sure to be funny about Belloc!

⁂ ⁂

YES, your brain rises more quickly to the top of your head than mine does! It was "Prophets," not "Profits," he wanted me to write about!

Can you wonder I wish the telephone had never been invented?

But I simply will not slang Belloc.

Didn't he buck us all up in the days when we wanted bucking up very badly indeed?

Those jolly little sketch-plans of his, with black crosses and wavy lines like dead worms, and arrow-heads, and heaps of big and little letters dabbed about all over the place, made us all think we were Clausewitz at five stone seven. And his calculations of the Boche losses, line upon line, million upon million—how convincing he made them!

Besides, he wrote "The Bad Child's Book of Beasts"—and the man who wrote that may be the worst prophet in the world for all I care.

And, anyway, he was as good as the mellifluous Maude. I suppose there were others, but I've forgotten them; but one might get some amusing reading out of the files of the daily papers of the autumn of 1914.

⁂ ⁂

'JOVE! An idea!

I'll look up THE BYSTANDER file, and see whether there weren't a few pretty average rotten prophecies made there too—serve the Editor right for giving me all that extra trouble about War Profits.

Let's see. Yes; here we are!

AUGUST 5, 1914:

"*Every theory of Mr. Norman Angell's has been proved up to the hilt.*"

Why did he stop there? If he'd gone on to say "*to be wrong*——." Still, that's hardly a prophecy.

This is better.

"*If there is war with Germany the City of London will be ruined.*" Still, there seems to be a little cash left in the City, doesn't there?

Ah! but look here!

"*This will be no Boer War. . . . our food supply will be affected as it was not at that time. . . . We shall soon learn the difference between essentials and non-essentials, necessities and luxuries. . . .*"

⁂ ⁂

SO he *was* fairly prescient, after all, wasn't he? In fact, most prophets, even if they have been very wide of the mark in some matters, have managed to hit it fairly well in others. And however bad ours may have been, the Germans' were worse. Fixing dates for events was their downfall. I wonder if those notice-boards are still in existence at Ostend which represented that charming resort to be really Calais for the benefit of freshly arrived troops who had been led to believe that Calais had fallen "according to plan" some weeks before.

But the best prophecy of the whole lot was the one which everybody pooh-poohed—"Three Years—*or the Duration!*"

Something really Delphic about that, isn't there?

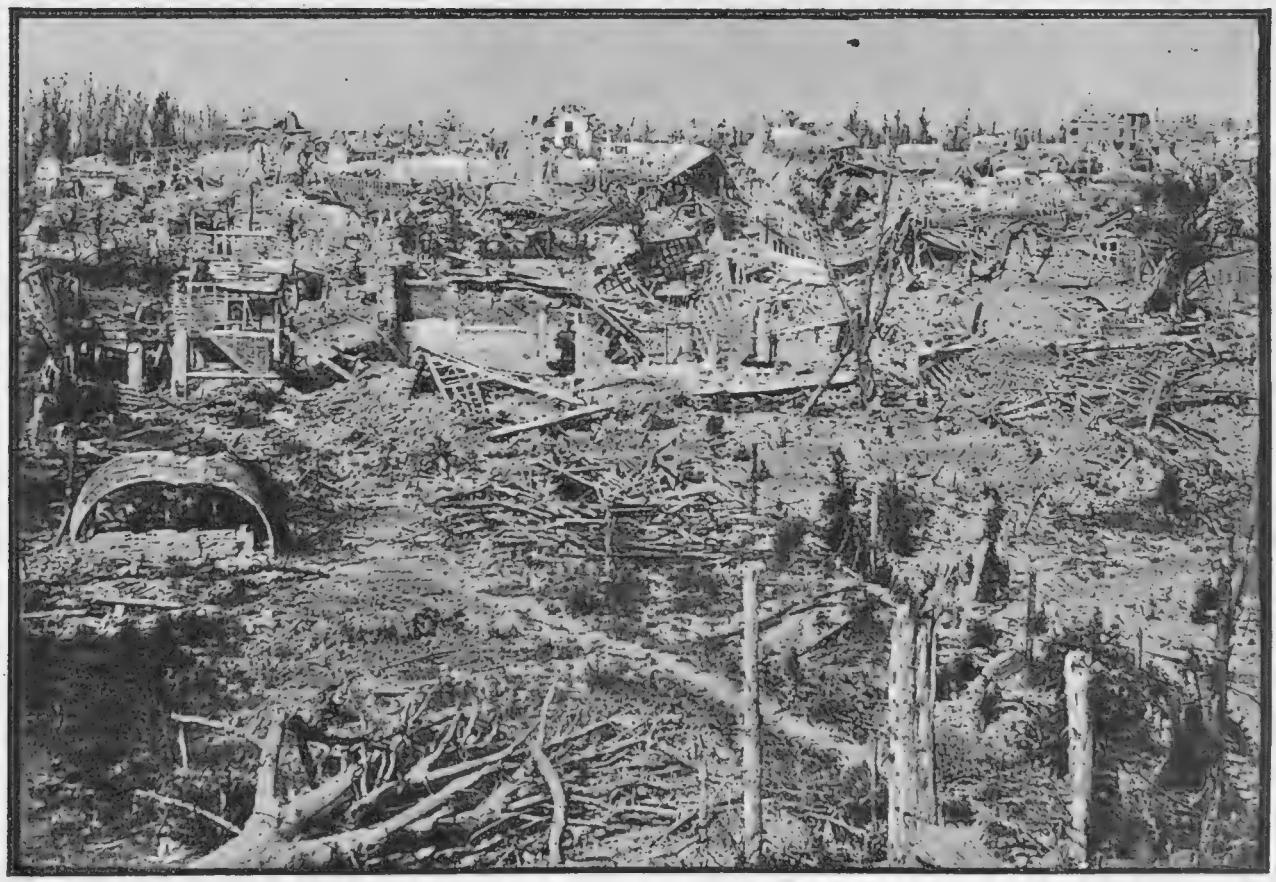
Other Ministerial prophets were at one time not wanting, from the one responsible for the "swarm of hornets" to the other who estimated the *possible* cost of the war at £1,000,000,000; but lately they have been wiser. Even Ministers learn things at long last.

F. R. B.

Mrs. BROWN: "Gracious, me, John; what's the matter?"
Mr. BROWN (with the German wireless in mind): "I've fallen back on a position previously prepared in the rear!"

To Assist You

IN MAKING YOUR NEW (WAR) YEAR RESOLUTIONS



French Official Photographs

IN THE BACKWATER OF BATTLE

These photographs show the present state of Monchy and Chaulnes, two little French towns from which the Boche has been driven. Think of the hundreds of places like this, and of the hundreds more there will be. Yet Germany says: "No indemnities"!

TAPE

A Daimler with the G.O.C.
Passed Private Smith 1603.
Now Private Smith gave no salute,
But gazed unseeing at his boot;
The car was stopped, from thence emerged
Various "tabs," who promptly surged
Round Smith, to see if he was blind,
That he had openly declined
To rise in salutation.
They took his number, age, and name,
Where he was bound, and whence he came;
And having all they thought they needed,
The Daimler car "forthwith proceeded"
Towards its destination.

A massive screed was soon compiled
(Printed in triplicate and filed);
An edict, harsh, and just, and stern,
(Ending "Initial and return,"
And duly affixed with the office stamp),
Went forth to each divisional camp—
To wit:

Sir,
It devolves on me
To say, on behalf of the G.O.C.,
That, learning of his great regret
That certain men to-day he met
Did not salute, or try to pay
Compliments in the proper way
(In spite of markings on his car,
See para. 60 in K.R.),
He leaves the matter as it stands,
For further action, in your hands
(A dignified and proper strafe
For one so high up on the staff).

Acknowledged with divisional tears,
The matter reached the Brigadiers
In envelope marked "Confidential"
(A word that always seems essential).
"It has of late been brought before
The G.O.C., the umpteenth corps,
That the men in your brigade
Are slack saluting off parade."
(Written in red upon all these
Was: "For your information, please.")
Brigade H.Q. got busy then,
And, wielding an ever-ready pen,
Wrote chits of dire dissatisfaction
(Signed: "For your necessary action.")
Beginning thus:—"It would appear
(Though *why* it would is never clear)
The practice of saluting is
Becoming slack, and sloven, viz.,
X Army Order 612
Herewith attached and passed to you."
Adding: "Such wilful non-compliance
Amounts to mutiny and defiance."

Each O.C. unit thus apprised
Of how the staff was jeopardised,
In battalion orders placed a solemn
Warning in the stop press column
"The Brigadier regrets to say
That instances have come his way
Of soldiers who did not salute
The General as he passed *en route*."
(A clerk wrote out and underlined it,
The Adjutant then countersigned it)
The Company Commanders read
All that the Brigadier had said,
And had their N.C.O.'s paraded;
And, duly instructed and upbraided,
Despatched them to the rank and file,
Where they, in turn, in flowery style
Explained with force if not with tact
How, passing Generals, one should act.

Now, Private Smith will click his heels
To anything that moves on wheels,
From Daimler car to humble Ford,
For the pen is mightier than the sword.
This marked up in the army's annals,
And passed through all the "usual channels,"
The army turned itself once more
To minor things, such as—the war!

SYMPATHY!

"Three days on biscuits and water, was you? Ah, we are getting quite hardened to the terrible sufferings of our poor fellers at sea!"

Second-Lieut. Mabel Smells Powder

(No novelty)

PASSED BY CENSOR

"There you are, Bert; I told you we'd 'ave 'em 'ere before we'd finished"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

The Bystander in Paris

"L'HEURE DE L'APÉRITIF"

"The mairies have never been so busy"

MONSIEUR ET CHER ALLIÉ—

IF the hand of Frédéric is a little shaky this evening I hope that monsieur will excuse it, for he has just been drinking to the health of two *jeunes mariés*, whom M. Georges brought here after the wedding ceremony, and, as they came all the way from the "Butte" of Montmartre on foot, they were thirsty! Visitors from these distant places are rare in the Café Gaulois, so we were naturally very interested to hear the news.

⁂

GREAT changes in the land of Bohemia since the war! Imagine it, monsieur—marriage is becoming a popular institution among our *bohèmes*, both on the "Butte" and in the "Quartier Latin"! It appears that the *mairies* of these joyous quarters have never been so busy tying knots as since the war; and as for the wedding-ring, it has become the *dernier cri* in Bohemia, and is proudly exhibited as a proof that what was once an *Entênte Cordiale* has been turned into a lasting alliance.

AND "alliance" is the right word, for, according to our young couple this evening, the municipal marriage registers of Bohemia show every combination of the allied nationalities, mated off for better or for worse; but the strangest alliance, which was a nine days' wonder in the Pays Latin, was that of a subject of the Mikado with a Geisha of the Café Rotonde, which, as monsieur knows, is to Montparnasse what the Café Gaulois is to the boulevards.

"When nervous people began to follow the Government's example"

PERHAPS it is merely gossip, but they say that Madame Samurai, as she is now called by the denizens of the Quarter, is so elated by her new rank that she has had the arms of her husband's family embroidered on such parts of her raiment as cannot fail to attract the eye. In Geishaland the match is regarded as the greatest social event since the elopement of the Queen of the Bal des Quatz Arts with an Indian Nabob. Naturally, there is some surmise as to the home-coming of the Samurai's bride and the presentation ceremony to the bridegroom's family!

⁂

MONSIEUR will be glad to hear that life is brightening for our sympathetic Bohemians, who, since the war, have generally been in the deepest depths of the *purée noire*. Golden rays, shed from the well-filled coffers of our new war-plutocracy, are illuminating the studio world, and orders to immortalise on canvas or in marble the happy countenances of shrewd investors are giving a new impetus to art; and work for the artists means work for the models, who have been living on *vache enragée* for nearly three years, thanks to which, as M. Georges remarks, the Cubists will be in clover!

⁂

BUT apropos of marriage, which is the theme of so many newspaper sermons, one of our brave African clients maintains that France

(*Continued on page 216*)

NEW SERIES

Some Women Who Don't—No. 2

BELINDA

Who works on the land (with assistance)

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

is a most immoral country. His compatriots, he declares, are shocked to see that, instead of buying our wives as brave men should, we consent to be bought by the women we marry. That is how he and his comrades regard our time-honoured institution of the *dot!*

"The marriage portion"

✵

Ces messieurs tried to convince him that the system was both admirable and necessary for the financial strength of France, but I fear the African mind is not open to argument, for he maintained that it was humiliating to let the women do the buying. As for him, he could have the pick of brides when he returned, for besides the medals on his black breast he announced that he had saved enough out of his pay to buy the fattest bullock in his native village as the marriage portion for his intended, to say nothing of the trophies of war with which he would captivate her heart. Of course, as the commandant says, who has served in Africa, native morality is still very rudimentary.

✵

But whatever our African braves may think, virtue in France has never been at such a high level as since the war. Look at our public squares and gardens! I can assure monsieur that the guardians of these shady haunts are displaying a severity towards all forms of love-idylls which would astonish the virtuous keepers of your civic morals in England. Not once, but many times, have I seen young couples summarily ejected from some municipal Eden by the stern *garde* for having indulged in the most harmless forms of "spooning," as you would say. And that is not all! On the slightest pretext he takes down their names and addresses, and there is a fine to pay! The only persons he dares not interfere with are our amorous *poilus*, who are also the only ones to raise their voices in protest on behalf of the humiliated victims. And I can assure monsieur when that happens the laughers are not on the side of the guardian!

✵

Certainly we are changing, monsieur! And is it a wonder after three years of discipline! About the only place where the spirit of Liberty still has its fling as of old is the railway station, especially just now, when everyone who can is rushing off to the country. Once the train is in it is like the taking of the Bastille all over again! And if the railway authorities had not taken the wise precaution of making people reserve their places in advance there would be as many casualties as on that famous occasion. It is almost as bad as it was three years ago, after the Government had gone to Bordeaux and nervous people began to follow their example.

✵

Ah, that *apéritif* hour three years ago to-day! I could not help reminding *ces messieurs* of it this evening, and how we all tried to look cheerful, and pretend we were not anxious! How the commandant came in shouting "*À Berlin!*" and announced that our troops were already over the frontier, and how furious he was with M. Désiré when he said the Socialists would stop the war in a week and we should all be singing the "Internationale" before the month was out!

✵

It is not Frédéric who dreamed that to-day he would be serving allies from all the corners of the globe!

En voilà justement! Some new ones who want to be served, so—*à bientôt*, monsieur!

Frédéric

"The home-coming of the Samurai bride"

A Memento of Mespot

THE RIVER AT BASRAH

Showing the type of paddle-boat used for transport in addition to the ordinary hospital ships

THE BRITISH GENERAL HOSPITAL AT BASRAH

Capable of taking about 1000 cases. In peace-time it was the palace of the Sheik of Mohammerah

A BIG RED CROSS SHIP LYING OFF THE GENERAL HOSPITAL AT BASRAH

Ships up to 7000 tons can be brought alongside the pier, and the Hospital can send its cases on board direct instead of, as formerly, by lighter

PASSED BY CENSOR

AN EGYPTIAN LABOUR CORPS AT WORK

On the construction of a dry dock at Basrah—a tremendous piece of work, seeing that it all had to be done by manual labour. Hence the builders of the Pyramids were called in

An Adam

Photographic study by

She's just beginning to
The meaning of being

less Eden

F. J. Mortimer, F.R.P.S.

nderstand
"No-Man's-Land"!

Three Stage Stars

(With some "lines" that they do not speak)

Photograph *Bassano*

"I must get some hats like those two girls"
MISS MADELINE SEYMOUR
in "Round the Map"

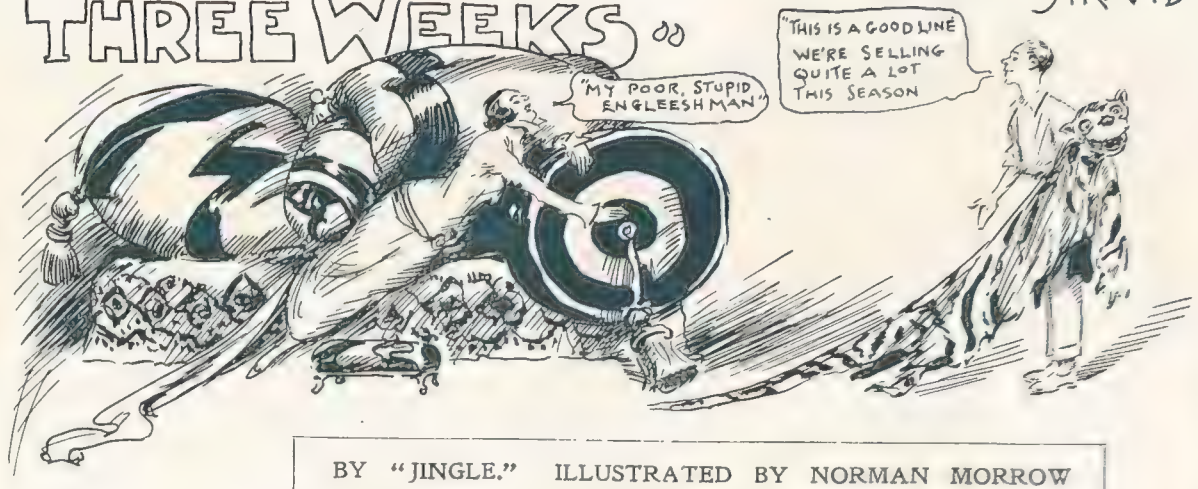
Photograph *Claude Harris*

"What about your barbed-wire entanglements now?"
MISS WINNIE MELVILLE
in "Bubbly"

Photograph *Hugh Cecil*

"Which do you like best, my scimitar or my symmetry?"
MISS RUTH CARVELL
To appear at the Coliseum shortly

"THREE WEEKS" AT THE STRAND



BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THIS play is founded on Mrs. Elinor Glyn's famous novel (*vide* programme) of the same name; and I blush to confess that I have not read the famous novel in question. Perhaps I might have blushed if I had read it, because at my time of life it is not at all uncommon for people to become frightfully respectable. It is a story of the ecstatic bliss that is usually supposed to be tasted only in an irregular *liaison;* and it is told amid a wealth of highly coloured scenery, which runs for the most part to sofa cushions of gaudy hues and voluptuous magnitude. I don't think I have ever before seen sofa cushions that seemed to take such a greedy pride in their guilty splendour. But outside the valiant efforts of the scenery to suggest luxurious love-making the production is correctness itself.

THE lovely Sonia, Queen of Croabia, has run away from her King. I think he had threatened to hit her, and to judge by her subsequent behaviour it was not before it was time. Sonia is staying at an hotel in Switzerland, and you can see the lovely snow-capped mountains in the distance so as to give corroborative evidence of the locality. By accident Paul Verlayne, a bashful young Englishman, strolls into Sonia's drawing-room, and is leaving with suitable apologies, when Sonia, as you might say, decides to follow it up. The acquaintance thus

(Continued on page 222)

"THREE WEEKS" AT THE STRAND (*concluded*)

auspiciously begun, ripens first of all into an invitation to coffee after dinner, and then gets still riper when Sonia sends her *femme de chambre* away on a three weeks' holiday, as she wishes to be quite alone, or thereabouts. Sonia, we judge, has arrived at the age of thirty-eight without ever having learned the delirious joy of passionate love. It is not for me, of course, to challenge this confession of her ignorance in that respect, I can only marvel at the rapidity with which she seems to have picked up all the points of the game.

THE justly celebrated Three Weeks are passed by Sonia and her beloved at Venice, a beauty spot recommended by an American millionaire as well worth a visit for the reason that there you can sit and fish from the hotel windows. By this time the amorous couple have reached the intense stage of their passionate affection, and their kisses have grown longer and more lingering. As to this, however, I never care very much to see another man doing what I am quite capable of doing for myself. At this stage of the proceedings Michael, the King of Croabia, appears on the scene and tries to coax his Queen back home, no questions asked and all being forgotten and forgiven, and all that sort of thing. But Sonia declines the invitation. From what she has seen so far of the grand passion it rather appeals to her, and she frankly admits to her husband that she knows a good thing when she has got it.

THEN the Prime Minister turns up. It appears that Croabia is on the verge of a revolution. Michael has got himself thoroughly disliked, partly, it may be, for his unfortunate resemblance to the head of the House of Hohenzollern; and the people of Croabia refuse to be good unless they can have their Queen back among them. Sonia, therefore, rightly considering duty before pleasure, exchanges with her dear Paul an extremely protracted kiss, and gives him and us to understand as delicately as is possible in the circumstances that a pledge of their affection may be confidently expected in the ordinary course. And as she is Queen in her own right, her son will be heir to the throne of Croabia, and you couldn't reasonably ask for more than that.

IT is true that King Michael might have a voice in the matter, but he is painted out of the picture with commendable dexterity. Having ascertained that Paul is in the Royal Palace, Michael orders his guards to surround the premises and to fire at the first man who looks out of the window. Then he steps on to the balcony to see that his orders are being obeyed, and is, of course, promptly potted on the spot; and though there is a decent show of grief at the appalling catastrophe, nobody seems to think that he will be very much missed. As will be observed, the story as told on the stage is, perhaps, a little crude. It would almost seem as if Mr. Roy Horniman, the author of the play, in his laudable desire not to shock the public too much, has hardly shocked them enough, with the result that at times the play drags a little. The acting throughout is excellent; and Miss Marga La Rubia as the amorous Queen with Titian hair gives the part a charm which, as the Gay Lord would say, is distinctly alluring.

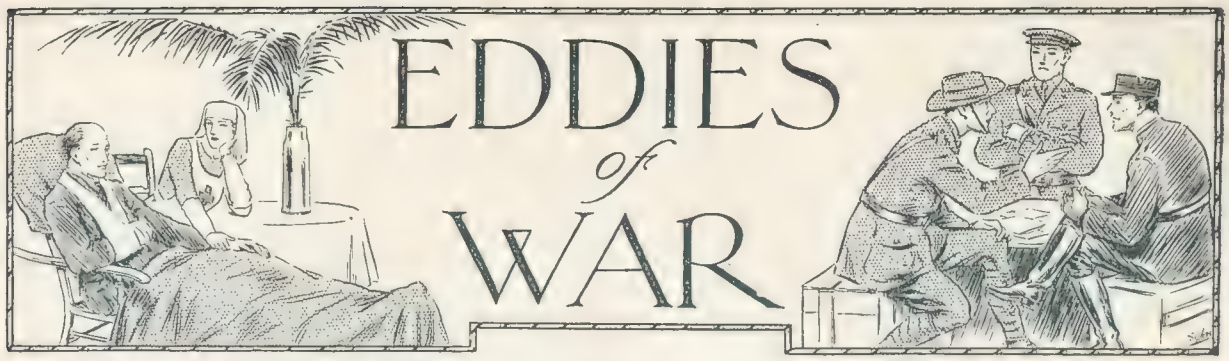
JINGLE

Arthur Bourchier as "Old Bill"

THE BETTER 'OLE

NEXT SATURDAY (August 4) the Oxford Music Hall ceases to be a music hall and becomes a theatre. This transformation will be effected by Mr. C. B. Cochran with *The Better 'Ole*, a play described as "A Fragment from France : in Two Explosions, Seven Splinters, and One Gas Attack," written and arranged by Captain Bruce Bairnsfather and Captain Arthur Eliot. The central figure of the piece is our familiar friend, "Old Bill," of whom Mr. Arthur Bourchier will make, as may be seen, a representation which will be absolutely life-like. It is clear that Mr. Bourchier will not have grown his moustache in vain : and the memories of it in theatre-land will probably last as long as those of his specially-grown beard in *Henry VIII.* He will be supported by a strong company, including Mlles. Esmée Dormeuil and Germaine Arnaux, and "Bert" and "Alf," the remaining pair of the Bairnsfather's "Soldiers Three," will be taken by Messrs. F. Woottwell and Sinclair Cotter. Everything, therefore, points to success.

Photographs *Foulsham and Banfield*



MINISTERIAL ANGELS. BY DELL LEIGH

The following extract from a letter has fallen into our hands, written by one who has been out and come back to one who can't get "a Blighty one" to bring him back —Ed.]

My Dear Old Boy—

It's all very well for you to grouse about your forgotten leave and the rest of it, but taking all things into consideration I am not sure that yours is not the better part, since you are in the well-known billets. There is an old girl in the green-painted *estaminet* at the corner of the Rue du Pont who makes superb cocktails; go and try them. Her second husband (or it may have been her third) was somebody's second footman—so she ought to know how to wangle the shaker, oughtn't she? But, seriously though, since I got shunted, cracked bone and all, into this Ministry business I have been, as it were, "compassed about by a great cloud of witnesses." They are all ladies, of every weight, shape, and colour—most embarrassing, I can assure you; but you have been buried out there so long—literally once or twice, *vide* the Vimy Stunt—that you have probably failed to grasp the great significance of this Ministry of Munitions. I must tell you about it. It is a fearful and wonderful thing. I thought, when I came back—that is, whenever I bothered to think about it at all—that the Ministry of Munitions consisted of a small office, hidden away somewhere amid the purlieus of Whitehall, which looked after the production of shells. That was sheer midsummer madness.

⁂ ⁂

The Ministry of Munitions, my boy, rules Great Britain, and, I believe, *parts* of Ireland. It rules in a very clever way, too—by its womenfolk. Let me explain. Large numbers of clever business men, too old to fight, have banded themselves together and formed a democratic Ministry. I suppose they have charters and deed polls and Army Orders and things behind them that they can "quote" when they get into difficulties; but they have collected round them also a tremendous army of ladies, big and little (in intellect and physique), who really run the entire show. Thousands of these fair and gracious ones there are, guarding the interests of the Heads of Departments. When I say "guarding the interests" I mean, of course, seeing that the man doesn't make an egregious ass of himself too often. I am one of the worthless pawns in this Gargantuan Ministry War Game; and I, following blindly the fashion, have collected unto myself a damsel or two, who now rule me completely and absolutely. What you do is this. Feeling you are terribly overworked you "requisition" for a lady clerk. There is no difficulty about it, any more than there is in walking into a shop in the Strand and buying a bone collar stud. You write something about "owing to the increased amount of work devolving upon this department," and in three days' time you find her sitting at a small table in your room, looking gravely at the razor side-slip on your chin.

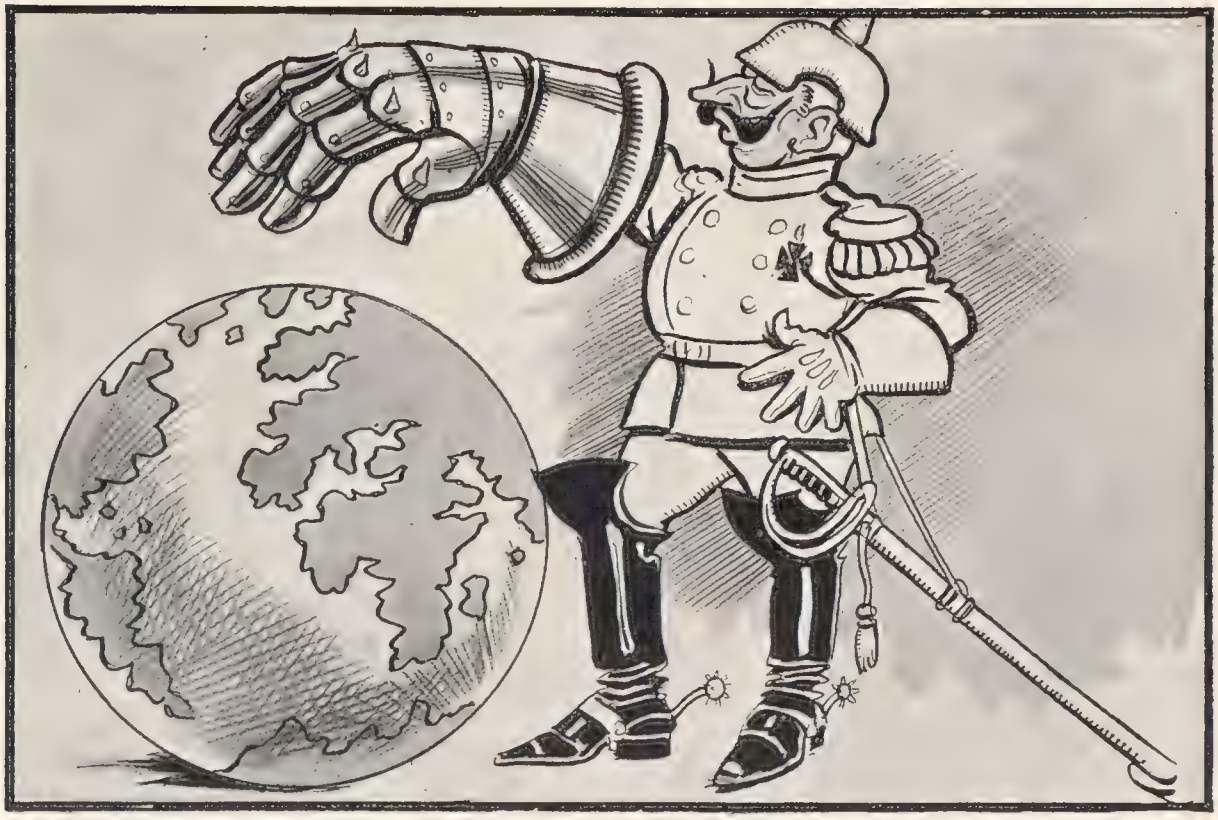
⁂ ⁂

You begin with the lofty tone. You throw bits of paper at her and tell her to "look up the file," or talk grandiloquently about "time limits on sub-contract work"; but it's no good. In three weeks she rules you utterly. You *think* she doesn't. But when she goes sick, because you have kept her working much too late, you can't find any papers; there is no ink in the bottle; your blotting-paper becomes effete pulp, and you can't steal a matchbox from a single room. That is the lower grade of things, where I am. Go higher up—to the general secretaries and directors of this and that. It is worse. These poor devils have to pay for their giddy altitude by having ante-rooms leading off their sanctums, wherein a little posse of Ministerial angels sit and brew eternal tea, and deal with all and sundry who come near. This sounds topping.

⁂ ⁂

But the effect is that if they don't like the look of the feller who wants to see you—well, you just don't see him, that's all! I know one man, an outside person, who has to go round with papers. He is very ugly, his clothes don't fit, and he is afflicted with a surly, get-out-of-my-way manner. He has a dreadful time. He is stymied in every department. I told him once he might just as well try to play out of a certain bunker on a famous golf course with a driver as attempt to push his way against the quiet weight of hostile feminine (Ministerial) judgment. He resigned last week. I know another man, a hustling Canadian, who says our telephone system is "the worst ever." He is icily insulting on the telephone to unseen Ministerial angels at the switchboard somewhere in the basement, beginning usually with: "Say, can't some of you women wake up and earn your money, and leave the knitting alone?" He seldom gets a call through to anyone. Occasionally, when the private branch exchange is bored, it makes a concerted attack upon him, and reduces him to a frenzy by "buzzing" the instrument in his ear for three minutes on end, or varying this by waiting till he is off his guard, then ringing *his* bell, and when he picks up his instrument saying sweetly, "Number's engaged, shall I ring you?" I dare not write any more, old son, because my particular angel wants to go at six, and is waiting for me to sign letters with a pained look on her face. . . .

That Surprising World



AUG. 4, 1914.—WILHELM: "The vorld vos mein!—vatch me lift eet up!"

AUG. 4, 1917.—THE WORLD: "It's 'up to you,' now, Wilhelm!"

Shrapnel Pars

IT is evident that Kerensky means to go a good deal further than the late Russian Premier towards stamping out anarchy and pro-Germanism. He has already begun, in fact, where his predecessor was content to Lvoff.

THE prize for the best recent specimen of Hun humour goes easily to the *Taegliche Rundschau*, which has discovered that Dr. Michaelis, being a "Christian gentleman," is "the right man in the right place." *That* takes it!

"IF all soldiers were to refuse to fight there would be an end of war." It needed the penetrating intellect of a *Star* leader-writer to enrich the world with this profound discovery.

THE twice-deposed Emperor of China, acting wisely upon the advice of his guardians, has decided to go away for the benefit of his health.

WOODEN shoes are becoming popular in Germany, we gather, though wood has been used in the construction of the other extremity for some time.

THE rumour that the Kaiser has sent a letter to Tino regretting the fact that he has been deposed and offering him Switzerland lends aptness to the old proverb about the indispensable priority of hare-catching.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for eggs to be sent from this country to France for the use of our soldiers. We understand, however, that only those passed for garrison duty abroad will be sent.

THE Master of Balliol rather regrets the loss of King Alfred and the cakes. We don't care twopence about Alfred, but we are beginning to miss the cakes.

CAPTAIN IAN HAY says that this war is being won by second-lieutenants. We dislike invidious distinctions; but so long as somebody really *is* winning the war——. What?

SIR JOHN JACKSON says the people of Mesopotamia decline to change their customs because they have been there since the time of Moses. Their method of reasoning seems to be catching.

WE like Dr. Michaelis in the rôle of the German Michael. Quite the hog in shining armour, isn't he?

MR. CLEMENT SHORTER says that he counts Mr. Asquith to have been far and away the most distinctly literary of England's Premiers. We always have looked upon Mr. Shorter as one of the men who count; but we cannot take Mr. Asquith literarally.

LE MOT—ET LE MOMENT—JUSTE

"I tried to get a week-end leave, but the officer wouldn't give it me. Like a bear with a sore 'ead, 'e were"
"Ah, you should have waited for the zoological moment!"

Army Instructions Bystandardised—No. 5

Health can only be maintained
By rules of hygiene well ingrained.

PASSED BY CENSOR

"Good morning, 'Bubbles'! Have you used Pears?"

The Thief

BY ALICE GATES

THERE was a haze of smoke in the lounge of the Hôtel Labrador, the hum and chatter of voices, the rustle of softly clad women who came and went. There was a restful atmosphere of money and frivolity that was vastly beneficial to the khaki-clad forms lounging blissfully in this abode of peace and musing unconsciously on the fact that life, especially theirs just now, is made up of contrasts.

A large, grey-haired man with a young face sat leisurely in a deep armchair regarding things.

He was just over, and had signed his name in the book, Gard. G. Hurlham, in a strong, flowing hand. He had been watching a dark-haired girl, dressed with that exceptional success that left you unable to describe the colour or design of her dress—you only knew that she was one of the best-dressed women in an exceptionally smart throng.

Gard. G. Hurlham had watched her all through dinner, covertly and politely, but very earnestly.

She was alone, but quite capably alone. She was deuced attractive, Gard. G. Hurlham would have said, if he had had anyone to say it to; but it just so happened that he was alone.

One would have placed him as a rich American, with a good-humoured knowledge of the world right through. He sat there ruminating and watching things through half-closed eyes, when a bag, a beaded, dainty little affair, fell close before him.

The gods were with him, for it was the girl, the dark-haired girl, who had dropped it as she passed, at his very feet.

He stooped and picked it up for her just as she stooped too.

"Oh, thank you! How careless."

She took it, smiled, and sat down close to him. She sat there for some time, puffing away at her cigarette. They talked a little of things in general and the war in particular.

Presently she rose and made her way through the crowded lounge. Gard. G. Hurlham, watching her, reflected that she could walk. And yet she was English—obviously. He sat there for another half-hour or so, and then walked across to the lift and went up to his room.

He opened the door, and was staggered for a moment to find the light full on. Someone was in his room, and as he shut the door behind him he realised who it was.

It was the dark-haired girl. She was kneeling on the floor, ransacking one of his trunks.

For a moment Gard. G. Hurlham stood, smiling grimly; next moment he turned the key in the lock.

The girl stood up, her white face quivering, and faced him. For a moment they stood so, in silence. Then Gard. G. Hurlham said:

"You'd have done better business with the large brown trunk."

The girl gave a little hysterical laugh, and held out her hands imploringly.

"Won't you, please, please unlock that door and let me go," she said. "It means so much to me and so little to you. I've got nothing of yours, nothing at all. If you only knew what a life mine is you'd pity. . . ."

Her voice broke, and she buried her face in her hands.

Gard. G. Hurlham looked thoughtful. Then he said slowly, in his drawling American accent:

"This is a compromising situation—look at it which way you will. Still, the door's locked, and we shan't be interrupted."

He took out a silver cigarette-case and held it out to her.

"Take one," he said; "they're from Cairo, and I think you'll like them—just you sit down, now, and tell me a little about things. How you came to be in my room, for instance, and a little bit of your personal history, because I've taken a whim, and I always follow a whim when it seizes me; and I've a proposition to make to you, but first I want to hear how you became a—crook—and why. May be it isn't all to blame on you—eh?"

"Oh, no, no—indeed it isn't," said the girl, eagerly. She lit the cigarette, and sank into the easy chair by the fire. She glanced at her wrist-watch as she did so.

"Now fire away," said the man. The girl shivered a little, and glanced at the door.

"If I tell you," she said, "how do I know you won't go straight and telephone for the—the. . . ."

Gard. G. Hurlham held out his hand.

"Put it right there," he said. "I'm not giving you away this journey."

A pathetic little smile wavered on the girl's lips as she put her small hand in his great one.

"Now tell me right away from the start," he said, and the girl began.

"I had to start life on my own account at seventeen," she said, "and I just had to make good by myself or go under. Well, I started by working, real, honest, hard, regular work, and all along the line it was made difficult for me by men. I'd got to be nice to them, nicer than I cared to be—or—lose my job. It happened over and over again. Well, at last I saw I'd got to go crooked some way, and I preferred—this. I've never taken anything from those who couldn't afford it, and my life hasn't been—just too easy."

She gave a little quivering smile.

It touched Gard. G. Hurlham. "I'll bet it hasn't," he said.

"And once I started, it was impossible to give it up," said the girl. "I do like luxury. I do like nice, pretty things. I'd got to have life this way—somehow—and I slipped into it, and couldn't get out."

"Didn't you ever think of marrying, then?" said the American, holding out his cigarette-case.

The girl lit a cigarette thoughtfully.

"How could I?" she said. "Once you've been on this sort of game, who'd want you? It wouldn't be fair."

Gard. G. Hurlham leaned forward. "I do," he said, "*I* want you. You knocked me clean back when I saw you there in the lounge to-night. I can give you all the luxury you want, and more. And as for

(All rights strictly reserved)
(Continued on page 230)

"I rather like being 'met half-way.'"

"I suppose that's why these Kenilworths appeal to you. Look how they come out of their own accord when you just pull this piece of tissue paper. Instead of worrying the first cigarette to free it from the jamb that you find in an ordinary box, you just give the paper a tiny tug and the Kenilworth comes forward to meet you. Neat idea, isn't it?

"And there's something about a Kenilworth which is distinctly seductive. I believe it's partly due to the special brand of golden Virginia they use, and partly to the beautiful way in which Kenilworths are made, with all the tobacco arranged in long fine strands laid neatly lengthwise."

Some "oversized" cigarettes are padded out with cheap tobaccos of inferior quality, grown in other countries, and known in the trade as "substitutes." But Kenilworth cigarettes are made of pure Virginia tobacco and nothing else. Make sure of getting "the real thing in the right size:" ask for Kenilworths by name.

Kenilworth Cigarettes are made of mellow golden Virginia leaf yielding a fascinating aroma. They will compare favourably with any Virginia Cigarettes you can obtain, no matter how high the price. Yet Kenilworths only cost 1/2 for 20.

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Manufacturers of High-Class Cigarettes.

this——." He waved his hand towards the trunk on the floor—"I don't care a curse for it. You're the woman for me. In the general way they don't amuse me, but you're different. Say—now—will you marry me?"

The girl looked at him, long and silently.

"You mean to say you really would?" she said.

"Yes," said Gard. G. Hurlham, "if you say the word."

She fidgeted with her dainty little watch.

"You're taking rather long odds," she said.

Gard. G. Hurlham never took his eyes from her face.

"Guess I'm used to that," he said.

"You'd never trust me," said the girl, uncertainly.

Gard. G. Hurlham smiled. "See here," he said, "I've been knocking about this round old world for forty years or so. I'm not just given to trusting my fellow-creatures. I've tried some, but it don't pay; but I know you. I've seen your worst—and I've a fancy to try your best. How about it?"

The girl puffed at her cigarette. "But you—what about you?" she said; "I don't know anything about you."

Gard. G. Hurlham looked thoughtful.

"I'm taking long odds," he said, "can't you? I've got some pretty things in that brown trunk. Things that'd suit you in regular fancy style. I've picked up things here and there you know, as I've wandered about—always had an idea that some day some woman might—well——." He paused.

"There's a string of pearls," he said reflectively, "that'd just suit you—fit for a queen. And you could have 'em all without the trouble of——."

"Don't," said the girl, and she flushed, and her eyes grew bright. Then her face softened, and she said, "I suppose I mightn't just—just——."

"Put them on? You sit right there. . . ."

Gard. G. Hurlham pulled the big brown trunk alongside, and, taking a key from a bunch in his pocket, unlocked it.

The girl watched eagerly. From a little canvas bag in the recesses of the trunk he brought out a string of pearls. Their mellow beauty shone in the firelight.

He gave them to the girl.

"They're perfect," she said, in an awed whisper.

Gard. G. Hurlham smiled contentedly.

The girl slipped them round her neck. Gard. G. Hurlham watched her with an earnestness in his face that convinced her.

She took them off slowly, lovingly, as if she were loth to let them go.

"And my answer?"

She stood up and slipped the pearls into his hand.

"In ten minutes," she said, "here—if you'll unlock the door and let me go now."

He took the key out of his pocket.

"Sure," said the girl.

She went out noiselessly. And Gard. G. Hurlham bent down to put back the pearls into the brown trunk.

A slight noise behind him made him turn, swiftly, apprehensively. Two men stood there; and the glimmer of something in one man's hand caught Gard. G. Hurlham's eye. He was facing a revolver at perilous quarters, and next moment under cover of it the something that had shimmered was a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.

It was done so quickly that Gard. G. Hurlham was amazed. One of the men picked up the pearls.

"The Duchess of Garfort's pearls," he said.

But Gard. G. Hurlham's eyes sought a dark-eyed girl, standing just inside the door.

"Miss Trevor, it's thanks to you," said one of the men. "There's not a man at the Yard could handle this job as you've done."

Gard. G. Hurlham drew a deep breath. His face was white, but he smiled.

"I was so sure you were a—crook," he said, "that I trusted you. It was long odds, and I've lost."

And as Gard. G. Hurlham passed out of the room between the two plain-clothes men, Miss Trevor's eyes did not meet his.

It was the best bit of work she had done for Scotland Yard, but somehow——.

"She don't seem a bit bucked by it," said one of the detectives, ruminatively. "Women are strange kittle-cattle."

ALICE GATES

SOME R.F.C. PIERROTS

Who, in their leisure-time, visit and entertain their wounded comrades in hospital. The second man from the bottom of the column is Air-Mechanic Galvin, son of the late Dan Leno

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About those Reprisals

BY ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

THE decision of the Government to take a hand in the game of aerial reprisals, whenever their military advisers consider such a course desirable, is, after all, only a tardy concession to the appeal of common sense. At the same time, it will doubtless come as a shock to the good people outside the military profession who, while admitting that they know nothing of such a horrid thing as war, cannot overcome the conviction that they are qualified to advise our fighting experts.

❋

THE reprisal question is really so simple that a child could understand it. The Germans send aeroplanes to London for one of two very clear reasons. Either they consider the proceeding a legitimate form of warfare or they hope to end the war more quickly by terrifying the British public into making one irresistible demand for perfect peace.

❋

IF the Germans regard the bombing of unfortified cities like London as a proper military operation, it is hardly for amateurs like ourselves to question their decision. The Germans are a military nation. They have studied the art of war in all its unsavoury phases; while we are still young and green at the game. When the Germans show us by their procedure how war ought to be conducted they speak, as it were, *ex cathedrâ;* and if the bombing of unfortified places is really a proper modern military manœuvre, we ought not to be too proud to take lessons in the art of war from the most proficient exponents of that art. *Ergo*, we ought to bomb truly and well every German city within reach of our aeroplane service.

❋

ON the other hand, if Germany is bombarding London in the confident expectation that this course will inspire the British public with hopeless fear, Germany must have based her calculations on her experience of the state of mind of the people best known to her—that is, the German people. Now both Mr. Lloyd George and myself are most anxious to see a satisfactory termination of the present hostilities, and if the aerial bombardment of a few German towns will frighten the German people into accepting the *Entente's* peace terms, it is obviously our duty to end the war in that way.

❋

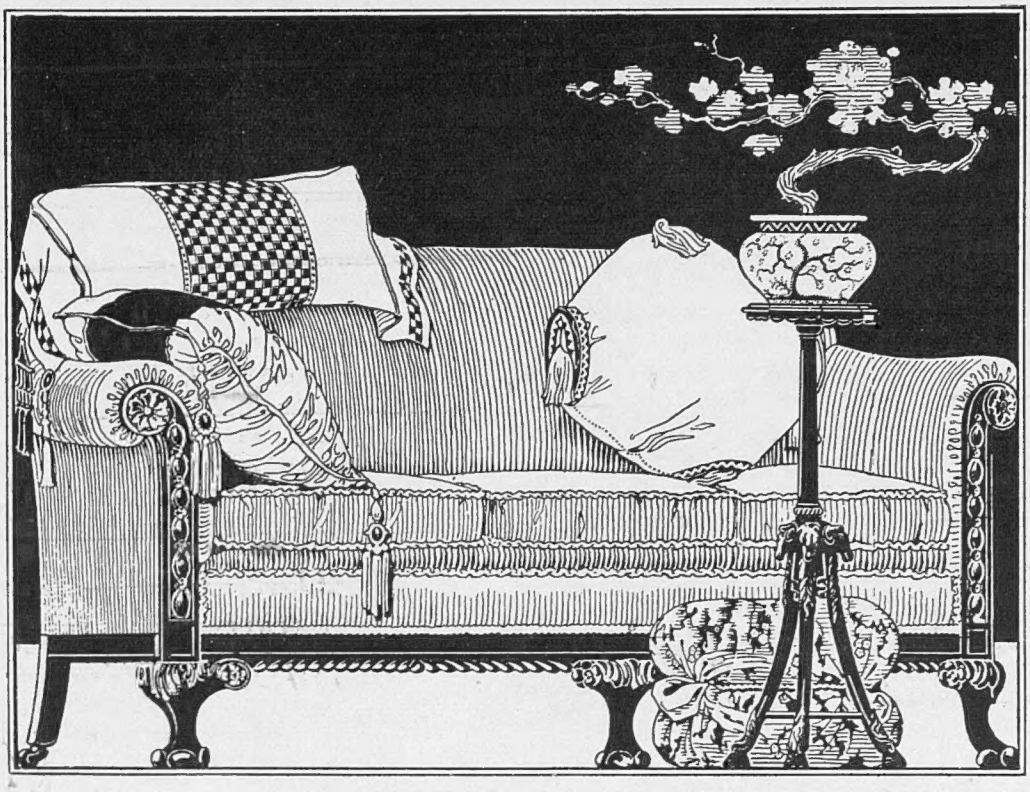
IT is unfortunate, to say the least, that our good Bishops should have taken this opportunity to chip in with the recommendation that the best way to reply to the German attacks is to scatter seeds of kindness. There is a prevalent opinion that if our Bishops had been less monitory in the past the Germans would not have been so much encouraged in their ways of wickedness. It has got into the German head that the British soldier is so tied down by copybook maxims that he could not be really unkind if he tried. Consequently the Germans conclude that in order to beat us they have only to adopt some unspeakable method which we cannot copy because it is not provided for in the curriculum of our Sunday schools.

❋

A SOLDIER newly back from "out there" told me recently of a party of Germans who advanced towards our lines calling "*Kamarad!*" in genial tones and holding their hands up in the approved manner. Concealed behind them was another line of Germans with bombs, ready to attack. As soon as the bombers saw that their dodge had been discovered they smiled pleasantly, and explained that having been found out they would have to surrender in real earnest, knowing that the good British soldier always forgave his enemies when they could no longer harm him. On this particular occasion, however, it seems that the Germans were out of their reckoning by several decimal points. ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

THESE IGNORANT BRITISH!

KAISER: "Our Fleet vos still rule der seas?"
STAFF OFFICER: "Yes, Highness"
KAISER: "Our Army vos everywhere triumphant?"
STAFF OFFICER: "Yes, Highness"
KAISER: "Our submarines vos gombletely cut Englandt off from the world?"
STAFF OFFICER: "Yes, Highness"
KAISER: "Den someone hadt better inform Haig; he doesn't seem to know!"



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Books *of the* Week

RECONSTRUCTION

Poor Old Party

THE Reconstructionists are getting busy. Already there is a small library of books dealing with those vast problems which will confront us all when the war is settled and done with. There will be disagreements, of course, and squabbles, and committees, and Commissions, and Blue Books. Blue Books, I should imagine, will be bulkier and more numerous than ever; but will there be parties? The Reconstructionists are working for all they are worth against the old party system. They refuse to have it at any price, and (unless you happen to be in Parliament yourself) you can hardly wonder at the line they adopt.

Imperial Government

To be a Reconstructionist, however, you must have some scheme. It may not be necessary for you to propose an alternative to party, but you must be prepared to put forth something new which will, as it were, render what is left of poor old party innocuous. So you have Mr. Harold Hodge in an extremely interesting essay just published, *In the Wake of the War* (Lane: 5*s*. net), showing up party as the non-Parliamentarian sees it, and suggesting a real Imperial Council for the whole Empire in place of the Parliament of to-day. He recognises how undemocratic the old party system has been, and, without paying court to Demos (who is not a particularly sound deity at any time), puts forward his scheme in a series of chapters which show every sign of careful thinking. Mr. Hodge claims no originality for his idea; but his methods of expounding it are new, and there is a cheery optimism about his chapters which puts you in a good temper at once with the British Empire and with yourself. Mr. Belloc's heart will not be the only one to beat the faster when its owner reads Mr. Hodge upon party.

The "Wicked" Stage

EVERYBODY knows what a wicked place the stage is; or, rather, the stage door. It is simply brimful of wickedness. It is so wicked that all the stage novels simply bubble over with wickedness, sometimes suppressed to within reasonable limits, but sometimes not. Therefore it happened that Mr. Keble Howard, who has considerable experience of the stage, both in London and on the road, wrote a number of prefaces and author's notes and tacked on a novel of the stage into the bargain—all for six shillings. *The Gay Life* (Lane: 6*s*.), in spite of its wicked title, is a pleasant little story of a girl who gets on. Jilly Nipchin is an unusual young person, and deserves both her success and her acrobatic husband. And her interview with that great actor, Sir William Mylchreest, is one of the most laughable things Mr. Keble Howard has ever done.

R. S.

"Torpedoed"

"Rilette's" painting for H. Dennis Bradley is apropos of nothing. If it seeks a purpose it is merely to show that there may still be something in the world worth living for.

POPE & BRADLEY

Sole Proprietor H. Dennis Bradley

Civil, Military & Naval Tailors.

PROFITEERING

IT is encouraging to observe that at last the odious crime of profiteering has become a popular outcry. It is the more welcome because this outcry has been advocated in the advertisements of Pope and Bradley since 1914.

In an age of mad markets and scandalous prices for all the necessities of life, this House, by reason of its position and its policy, has been able to control the charge for Officers' uniforms within legitimate limits.

With an ever-increasing demand for war kit, nothing would have been simpler than for Pope and Bradley to have set a standard and inflated price and to have made great profits. Woollen materials have advanced in price nearly 100 per cent. during the war; instead, however, of increasing the percentage of profits the House has deliberately and persistently decreased the percentage, in order to keep the prices down. Had this attitude not been maintained, and the methods of profiteering producers been adopted, it is not too much to say that the present price of an officer's service jacket would have been about 10 guineas, and the price of a mufti lounge about 12 guineas.

No credit is claimed for the morality of trading on a fair basis, the motive has merely been a natural repugnance for profiteering by blood money.

SERVICE DRESS.		MUFTI.	
Service Jackets ..	from £4 4 0	Lounge Suits ..	from £5 5 0
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Bedford Cord Breeches	,, 3 3 0	Overcoats ..	,, 4 14 6

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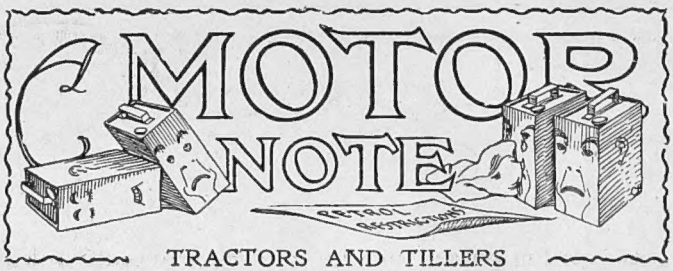

TRACTORS AND TILLERS

Some New Motor Tools

We have now to add to the (now nearly one hundred advertised in this country) list of agricultural tractors and machine tools two others—one of each. The tractor is the Burford-Cleveland; the tool is the Once-Over Tiller; and both of them are very notable, and should prove valuable additions to the solution we are trying to find to the "Can England feed herself?" problem. The tractor is a light-weight caterpillar (or, if that name is not allowable, then any word you like which means the same thing—how would tank-track do?) of 25 cwt., with a traction surface of 600 square inches. Work out the pressure per square inch for yourself, and observe how little risk there can be of soil-packing, even on the softest ground. A four-cylinder engine ($3\frac{1}{2}$ by $5\frac{1}{8}$) drives through gearing (one speed forward and a reverse) running in oil, direct to the differential, and thence by bevel to the rear wheels. The draw bar pull of 2,200 lbs. is good enough for anything within reason. An 8-inch belt pulley is mounted on the front end extension of the crank-shaft, where 20 h.p. is available. A remarkably sturdy-looking job, equal to ambling over the softest and hilliest of cultivatable soil, and surprisingly handy. I saw it at work on Mr. S. F. Edge's farm at Ditchling, and developed most favourable impressions ploughing. It worked splendidly at the demonstration, and its existence should specially be noted by the agriculturist who would have maximum results. If it will give us larger efficiency for smaller expenditure, we will cheerfully allow the sentiment that attaches to the old-form tools of tillage to die with the adages and hyperbolities that depend for their point upon Dobbin and the plodding ploughman turning his lonely furrow and all that sort of thing. We will even reconcile ourselves to spelling plough as plow. What we want is efficient and economical tillage by scientific methods with two or more—preferably more—ears of corn growing where one grew before, in proof of our development of system. We want the two or more ears to be fatter than before. We want—well, shortly, we want to see England feeding herself, as she can. The Burford-Cleveland tractor and the Once-Over Tiller, both handled by the Burford Company, of 16, Regent Street, S.W., should prove serviceable factors to the end we desire. I hope they will.

All I want now is the confirmation of the user's test. It will take a season to get that in this country.

* * *

Reducing the Operations

The Once-Over Tiller means a motor-operated tool requiring haulage by a tractor or horses. Its small motor turns an eight-bladed vertical shaft, the blades set spirally. These revolving at 500 revolutions per minute alongside the plough, break up the earth as it is turned over and leaves behind it a perfect seed bed without calling upon harrow or other implement to follow up and complete the work. Once over suffices. Hence the name. Here is an obviously time and labour-saving implement effecting aeration of the soil much more efficiently and swiftly than aforetime was possible with the old method of

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